

THE
Scotch Prophecy,
 BEING AN
IMITATION
 OF THE
PROPHECY of NEREUS.

From Horace Book I. Ode XV.

AS Mar his Round one Morning took,
 (Whom some call Earl, and some call Duke)
 And his new Brethren of the Blade,
 Hiv'ring with Fear and Frost survey'd,
 In Perth's bleak Hills he chanc'd to spy
 An Aged Wizard six Foot high,
 With bristled Hair, and Visage blighted,
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and Second-sighted.
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The grizly Sage in Thought profound
 Beheld the Chief with Back so Round,
 Then roll'd his Eye-balls to and fro
 O'er his paternal Hills of Snow,
 And into these tremendous Speeches
 Broke forth the Prophet without Breeches.

Into what Ills betray'd, by Thee,
 This Auncient Kingdom do I see !
 Her Realms un-peopled and forlorn !
 Wae's me ! that ever thou wert born !
 Proud *Englis* Loons (our Clans o'ercome)
 On *Scottish* Pads shall amble home ;
 I see them drest in Bonnets blue,
 (The Spoils of thy rebellious Crew)
 I see the Target, cast away,
 And chequer'd Plad become their Prey,
 The chequer'd Plad to make a Gown
 For many a Lass in *London* Town.

In vain thy hungry Mountaineers
 Come forth in all their warlike Geers,
 The Shield, the Pistol, Durk, and Dagger,
 In which they daily wont to swagger,
 And oft have sally'd out to pillage
 The Hen-roosts of some peaceful Village,
 Or, while their Neighbours were asleep,
 Have carry'd off a Low-Land Sheep.

What boots thy high-born Host of Beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With Popish Cut-throats, perjur'd Ruffians,
And Forster's Troop of Raggamuffins?

In vain thy Lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with Bag-pipe and with Brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With Heart so true, and Voice so rusty,

(A loyal Soul) thy Troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the Fight?
Do'st thou not gen'rous May dread,
The bravest Hand the Wiser Head?
Undaunted do'st thou hear th' Alarms
Of hoary Athole sheath'd in Arms?

Douglas, who draws his Lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high Renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd.
With Knights, and Squires, and Barons bold,
His noble Household Band advances,
And on his Milk-white Courier prances,
Thee Forfar to the Combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian Wars,
And Monroe kindled into Rage,
Sow'rly defies thee too engage,
He'll rout thy Foot though ne'er so many,
And Horse to boot—if thou hadst any.

But

But see Argyle with watchful Eyes,
 Lodg'd in his deep Intrenchment lies,
 Couch'd like a Lion in thy way,
 He waits to spring upon his Prey ;
 While like a Herd of tim'rous Deer,
 Thy Army shakes and pants with Fear.
 Led, by their doughty Gen'ral's Skill,
 From Frith to Frith, from Hill to Hill.

Is thus thy haughty Promise pay'd
 That to the Chevalier was made,
 When thou didst Oaths and Duty barter,
 For Dukedom, Gen'ralship, and Garter?
 Three Moons thy Fanny shall command,
 With Highland Scepter in his Hand,
 Too good for his Pretended Birth,
 — Then down shall fall the King of Perth.

'Tis so decreed : for GEORGE shall Reign,
 And Traitors be forsworn in vain.
 Heav'n shall for ever on him smile,
 And bless him still with an Argyle.
 While Thou, pursu'd by vengeful Foes,
 Condemn'd to barren Rocks and Snows,
 And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,
 Shalt burn thy Clan, and curse poor Jocke.

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